PS 2467
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" The sweetest sounds
Are those most near akin to silences,
And the sweetest thoughts
Are those far whispers of humanity
Which none can ever hear
Amid the mighty voices of the world."

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THE FULNESS OF LIFE.

'Tis early June ; soft blow the fragrant winds,
E're the faint pulse of soothing light begins,
And gently pipes Apollo's sweet toned horn,
While flute notes echo on the dewy morn.

But hark ! A trill, the purest tone e'er heard;
It stirs the soul, tho' but a waking bird !
Gaily the warblers fill the forest air,
And only drowsy birds are resting there.

The whisperings of bough, and bird, and bee
Are truest tones of nature's harmony;
The season's blush on nature's maiden brow,
Tunes song of bird, and tones the forest bough.

'Tis thus we feel the season's smile and voice,
The soul itself is lifted,—we rejoice
In life that is so subtle and sublime,
In dreams that, tho' unspoken, are divine.

As sunlight lightly twines the clinging vines
O'er rocky paths and ruins, holy shrines,
Making their loss most surely beauty's gain,
In broken lives so joy shall bloom again.

From earth's most poisonous, dankest, rankest soil,
Are grown the most luxuriant vines that coil;
The fairest lily ever blossoms where
It never knew the hand of human care.

Even tho' found in secret shades unseen,
Hidden beneath the deepest fringe of green,
Yet nature's subtle charm of sweets is there,
And strangely eloquent is the silent air.

As we feel and breathe the florets life and tone,
Thus the purest thoughts are those unheard, unknown,
Soft whispers murmur thro' the leafy shade,
Nature is soothed by its own music made;

While notes of song are on every hand,
And the busy hum of life fills all the land.
The brier-rose gives forth her choice perfume,
And gently breathes the soft sweet air of June.

For surely now the face of storm seems grand,
While mead and wood are touched with beauty's hand.
What care we for the murky threatening cloud
Or heavy distant grumbling thunder loud?

Nature's fulness often needs these showers,
As our life's fullest soul, gains needful powers.
From cloudy days of doubt and storms of pain
We see the radiant bow thro' sunlit rain.

The lily grows within the shadow low,
To its modest beauty and frail birth we owe
All the joyful praise that harmony can know,
All that true life and willing hands may show.

Ah, there remains for us one lesson true,
Although unknown, unseen, we may influence too.
Some faint far echo of each life doth find,
A soothing current in a kindred mind.

ECHO.

Like a faint far echo that responds unto its own,
In a far off vale we hear it softly moan,
And sweetly again comes back a dulcet tone,
It dies of itself in a long drawn mournful sigh,
That leaves the soul with a strange and rapturous cry,
And tears of joys are shed and we know not why.

JUN 7.8

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